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4. "Will he come," (first time in America,) Sullivan; "Nut tree," Schumann—Miss Brainerd.

Intermission.

5. *Andante con variazioni*, Mendelssohn—Mr. Daniels.

6. "Now the shades of night are falling," *Slumber-song*, R. Franz—Miss Brainerd.

7. *Valse*, (dedicated to Mr. Charles Halle, of London;) *Romance*, (by request)—C. F. Daniels.

Miss Brainerd sang her fine selections admirably, and in the *Slumber-song* of Robert Franz, she was warmly encored. By her pure method, high cultivation, and refined taste, Miss Brainerd is eminently qualified to render perfectly the classic vocal compositions of Schumann, Franz, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.

We have received from Ticknor & Fields, the October volume of the Diamond Edition of Dickens' works. This volume contains "Oliver Twist," one of Dickens' finest works, together with "Pictures from Italy" and his famous "American Notes, for general circulation." It will be confessed that this volume is wonderfully rich in its contents, embracing as it does five volumes as originally published, and at a cost considerably less than one of the English volumes. It is a marvel of cheapness and at the same time distinguished for the elegance of the style of its production. There are numerous illustrations by Eytinge, drawn in his best style.

S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, has published a very neat edition of Pope's "Essay on Man." It contains a Portrait and a sketch of the life of the poet; together with notes phrenologically explanatory by S. R. Wells. It has many clever illustrations.

The same publisher has also issued in a neat form, a Sermon by the Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., with the following title—"The Gospel among the Animals; or, Christ with the Cattle." The subject is treated broadly and eloquently, in a spirit of Christian philanthropy and humanity. It is a strong clerical endorsement of the noble objects of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—a society which has already done much to ameliorate the condition of those dumb servants of man, which too often suffer from his brutal and reckless cruelty. This pamphlet should be widely circulated.

We have received the fourth number of Cassell's Magazine, which is published simultaneously in London and New York. For light reading it is one of the best magazines published. The stories are all ably written, and in tone they are unexceptionable. The morale of the contents fits it for circulation in families. The illustrations are admirable. They are freely and boldly drawn, and possess those rare qualities in illustrations, mark-

ed character and vivid action. Number Five will appear on the first of November.

The Transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, for the year 1866, have just been issued in a handsome volume. It contains much matter of universal interest, on subjects of vital consequence to all, the treatment of which is distinguished by broad, liberal, comprehensive and common-sense views. The principles of the Eclectic theory of Medicines are spreading rapidly in every section of the country, and its adherents may now be counted by the thousands, where one was known ten years ago. It is a powerful and dauntless opponent of the highly respectable, but terribly impotent Allopathic system, which has little but its age and imbecility to recommend it. The Eclectics have stormed the stronghold of ignorance and red-tapeism, and have sapped the public belief in that ancient institution, which has enjoyed an unlimited license to slaughter by knife and poisons, for centuries past. It is time that light was let in upon the dark and tortuous proceedings of Allopathic traditions, and we think that the adherents of the Eclectic theory will, by facts and truths, speedily wipe out this ancient but respectable humbug.

OFFENBACH.

This joyous composer first saw the light at Cologne, in 1823, where he was born—of parents—as the immortal Artemus hath it. It is on record that the little German atom, soon as he opened his little eyes, hummed a little tune, instead of feebly wailing as is the uncomfortable custom of the atomic tribes: it is further asserted that even when he did cry, he did it rhythmically, and wept copiously to a spirited and flowing movement in six-eight time Allegretto, his mother, probably, beating. At seven years of age, he played the violin; and, says he himself—"I really cannot say when I received my first lesson in music, and I should be equally puzzled to assign a date to my first composition; this mania of sprinkling white paper with black notes, is in reality a flaw in my conformation—a sort of organic malady, which, from my very childhood, caused the utmost uneasiness to my relatives. Contrary to all expectations, however, they succeeded in rearing me; but I shall carry to the tomb the constitutional defect which has had such a serious influence on my life." At thirteen, Offenbach gravitated to Paris, where he was kindly received by Cherubini, who, discovering the complaint above alluded to, deemed the patient a fit subject for the Conservatory; and although the laws of that institution forbade the reception of foreigners, Cherubini's influence sufficed to obtain the admission of his young protégé, who shortly afterwards received an appointment as violoncel-

list at the Opera Comique. For some years, he wrote little but a few polkas and waltzes, (for the Jullien Concerts,) whose names he says he has "carefully forgotten." In 1839, he composed some music for a piece called "Pascal et Chambord," which was performed at the Palais Royal: this, though a *step en avant*, was not the harbinger of full success, for twelve years passed away ingloriously enough: annual concerts given by himself, alone introducing his name and his compositions to the public. In 1851, he was appointed leader of the orchestra to the *Théâtre Français*. While he occupied this position, he was requested by Alfred de Musset to write music for the "Song of Fortunio," in a piece called "The Chandelier." He did so, and the actor to whom the character was entrusted, *Delaunay*, came to him to try the song over. Here we cannot do better than quote Offenbach's own words: "You remember *Delaunay*, that charming stage-lover, whose speaking voice was so soft and sweet as to be almost feminine in its accents? What a delightful "Fortunio," I thought: what a velvety and delicate alto voice he must have! Well, I sat down to the piano, played and sang my song, and he tried it after me. My fingers remained on the keys as if frozen, I was so unutterably astonished! from that womanly throat, from that infantile mouth issued a volley of deep, powerful and vigorous notes! *Delaunay had a superb bass voice!* I sadly folded up my MS.; it would never do for 'Fortunio' to beseech his 'Jacquelin' in the should be murmurous words of love, with the voice of *Lablache*!" The couplets were finally spoken by *Delaunay*, and Offenbach preserved his melody for another opportunity. Having for years offered his pieces to the different theatres of Paris, our composer finally determined to set up for himself; he obtained his license on the 15th June, 1855; rented a small hall in the Champs Elysees, and opened it on the 5th July, following,—thus arranging and decorating his Theatre, organizing his company and orchestra, and preparing his pieces for performance in twenty days. His singers were Mesdames Mace and Schneider, and Messieurs Pradeau, Berthelier and Darcier: the three operettas produced on that night were "Entrez Messieurs et Mesdames," "La Nuit Blanche" and "Les Deux Avenges," and the world knows the rest! For five months, these five artists, with Offenbach at their head, valourously fought their campaign; all Paris came, saw, and was conquered: the "premier pas" was taken; the second, third and fourth soon followed. On the 29th December of the same year, the courageous *chef* inaugurated the Bouffes "Parisiens" with "Botaclar," and firmly established himself upon his "buffo" throne for life. His operas are played all over the world, and his music is a

benefaction to mankind. As to his last work, the captivating "Grand Duchess," it is sunshine from beginning to end, and we bid our readers go bask in it!

ITALIAN OPERA.

The new opera *Don Bucefalo*, was produced last evening, and consequently too late in the week to notice in this issue.

THE ART JOURNAL BUREAU OF TRANSLATION.—We are prepared to furnish from this office, translations of Plays, Operas, Songs, &c., from the Italian, French, and German languages, upon moderate terms, and with fidelity and dispatch. Also translations and adaptations to music.

[From the *London Musical World*.]  
J. F. BARNETT'S "ANCIENT MARINER."

The artist and literary man often find that the selection of a subject upon which to work is an affair almost equally difficult with the work itself. Wherever there is the modesty that usually accompanies genius, this result is due, in part, at least, to a self-mistrust, which would narrow the field of choice by shutting out anything demanding a more than ordinary ability. As a general rule, those who are most capable of dealing with such subjects only undertake them when a long course of success has worn that feeling away, and assured them of the length and breadth and height of their own powers. But it sometimes happens that self-mistrust forms no part of a man's nature. He has counted and weighed the gifts vouchsafed him, and, not finding them wanting, goes about his work with a confidence which he, at least, considers the facts to warrant. It by no means follows that he is open to censure for this. The modesty of genius is a pretty bit of sentiment; the expression looks well when printed, and sounds well when uttered. In practice, however, it is a nuisance. But for the modesty of genius the world would be richer than it is; and would have possessed what it now enjoys earlier. Its absence, therefore, is not to be considered as a fault *per se*. Whether it be so or not depends entirely upon other and connected things. But whatever the truth on this point, the man who has confidence in himself can have no more trouble in the selection of a subject than that due to an *embarras de richesse*. While others from a distance look longingly, and "let I dare not wait upon I would," he picks out the daintiest jewels in the casket and wears them with the composure of a man conscious of his rights.

It would seem as if the young and promising musician, whose name stands at the head of this article, ranks among the enviable mortals to whom allusion has just been made. When commissioned to write a cantata for the late Birmingham Festival, he showed by his selection of Coleridge's strange and wondrous poem, that there was to him no such thing as "forbidden fruit," but that his right of choice was limitless. Young as he is, Mr. Barnett has acquired that confidence in his own resources which often snatches success out of the fire, and generally selects the fiercest flames for the experiment. After

the "Ancient Mariner," there is nothing he might not attempt with an equal prospect of favorable results, the only drawback being that nothing is left likely to test his powers in a greater degree. Those powers will certainly be ripen in twenty years, and possibly Mr. Barnett would have done better to have exercised patience; but had it been left to us whether the "Ancient Mariner" should appear now or then, our reply would have been: "let the 'Ancient Mariner' come at once, because after twenty years it will have no connection with the pleasant freshness and audacity of youth."

It would be far from easy to exaggerate the demands Mr. Barnett's subject made upon him. The marvelous series of pictures which passed before the poet's eye, and was copied for the behoof of all future time in word-painting unsurpassed for vigor and graphic skill, is of such varied interest that only a universal genius could do justice to its requirements. We need not dwell upon the incidents of the story, since they are familiar as household words; nor need we point out where and how they demand in turn the winning grace of a Haydn, the divinely full expression of a Mozart, or the awe-inspiring dramatic power of a Beethoven. What is more necessary is to enquire how far Mr. Barnett has shown himself possessed of the distinguishing traits of these three masters. To save time we may as well state at once that the young musician has not treated his subject, or any part of it, as they would have done. It is perfectly certain that the "Ancient Mariner" would have worn altogether another aspect in their hands. Looking upon the characters and situations as things to be endowed with the life which springs from the touch of genius, they would have intensified every imagining of the poet, made his gentleness more gentle, his pathos more pathetic, and his ghastliness more ghastly. Mr. Barnett has not done this. What is more, he does not seem to have seriously attempted it. Yet the course he adopted was legitimate enough, and possibly wise. A play of Shakspeare might be read by one man, whose facial expression, tones, and gestures, being those of a master in his trios, leave little for the imagination to do in order to realize the scene.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUBLIN.—THE ITALIAN OPERA.—A selection from the company of Her Majesty's Theatre are now performing with unwonted success in the Irish capital. The troupe, indeed, is one of the finest which has appeared in Dublin for years, and includes the names of Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Trebelli, Signors Bettini, Gassier, Foli, Bossi, and Casaboni, Mr. Tom Hohler and Mr. Santley. Signor Bevignani is the conductor. The "Huguenots" seems to have created an extraordinary effect. The cast was as follows: *Valentine*, Mdlle. Tietjens; *Margerita*, Mdlle. Sinico; *Urbano*, Madame Trebelli; *Raoul*, Signor Bettini; *De Nevers*, Mr. Santley; *St. Bris*, Signor Gassier; *Marcel*, Signor Foli; a cast, by the way, which is identical in the principal parts with that at Her Majesty's Theatre for the last few years.

DRESDEN.—Herr Böhme, a musician resident here, is about to found an academy of historical and national music, the object of which will be to render students acquainted with the history and characteristics of the music of all times and all countries.

MAKING NOTES.

The late illustrious Cherubini, the director of the *Conservatoire*, after having had an interview with the Duke of Orleans (the eldest son of Louis Philippe, whose untimely death was so much and justly lamented), on some matter of importance relative to the affairs of that establishment, found it necessary to consider the subject before giving his advice.

"My dear master," said the Prince, "I shall be at the opera to-night, and you can then tell me what you think on this matter."

In the evening Cherubini felt unwell and unable to go out. He therefore wrote a letter, and desired one of his servants to deliver it to the Prince's Aide-de-Camp. The messenger repaired to the opera house, and was shown into the Prince's box, in which he found a gentleman sitting by himself.

"Are you his Royal Highness' Aide-de-Camp?"

"Yes," said the Duke, smiling.

After having read Cherubini's letter, the Duke looked at the messenger, in whose physiognomy he was struck with a whimsical expression of discontent.

"You are in M. Cherubini's service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you like your place?"

"Why, sir, I like it very well, but unluckily I have no taste for music."

"What, you are a musician, then?"

"No, but I make notes."

"Make notes?"

"Yes, A's and B's. I am condemned to be eternally making notes. I wish I had something else to do."

The curtain rose, and the box filled with company. The old servant took his leave; but the Duke, much amused, and somewhat curious, did not forget the conversation.

"M. Cherubini," said he to the composer, some days afterwards, "why do you employ your servant in making notes?"

"What, your Royal Highness—has he been talking to you?"

"Yes—but what is the meaning of so odd an employment?"

"Why, my lord, this old servant of mine is very useful to me. I don't compose at the piano-forte; I write at my table and have somebody at the piano to touch for me any note that I call for. It is the old Italian method."

"Vastly well," said the Prince, laughing, "but why choose this old man for a duty which he by no means seems to relish?"

"Why, your Royal Highness, 'tis the *lex talionis*. When this old fellow and I first met, it was in the stirring times of ninety-three. We musicians were forced to teach the people patriotic songs. My worthy friend, who had a voice like a bear, made me play over the *Marseillaise* to him for eight days. So I swore to be revenged if ever I found an opportunity."

"And you have found it?" said the Prince.

"Yes; it so happened that, fifteen years afterwards, he applied to me to take him as a servant. Aha! (said I) comrade, you forced me to accompany you when you had the upper hand; so sit down there, and make notes for me when I want them."

The Prince was amused with the story, but, like a generous confidant, he got Cherubini to give his old domestic some employment more to his liking than his everlasting task of *making notes*.